

FUR

The night is full of the bulldog policemen
who try to enforce order in cartoons,
the heavy-set ones with droopy ears
and three-fingered hands.

They wear long blue coats with gold buttons,
and small rounded hats with gold stars
sit on their oafish heads.
They run in the dark waving nightsticks.

I am the cat they use for a siren.
They strap him to their squadcar fenders.
They make him howl by cranking his tail.

VODKA

Cold as water drawn from the bottom of a winter fyord
and as clear and as perfectly tasteless,

but not as good for your health and empowered to remove
your sense of direction and push you to the sidewalk.

LENSES

Take a look through these binoculars.
They are so powerful you can make out
Napoleon posed in front of his flapping tent,
one eye buried in the glass circle of a telescope

which he is training on Alexander the Great,
all beard and beaten armor,
scanning the world's horizon from his horse.

He notices all this spying
and turns to look directly at us,
calling to his officers, waving his arms,
a picture in a book come to life.